

IN MEMORY

OF



OUR

FALLEN SOLDIERS

Written by William Kelly

Alone he lay on the battlefield
While his life's blood ebbed away,
Fair Canada's name he fought to shield
Through the bloody battle's fray.
Death's chilly palor stole o'er his cheek,
In his eye a deadly glaze ;
He had done his bit for his country's sake,
May his name be ever praised.

A smile broke o'er his boyish face
As in a vision fair,
Once more he sees the old home place,
Father, Mother, all are there.
As they gather around the evening hearth
He seems to hear their laughter gay
As they play their games in joyful mirth
Like before he went away.

It is hard to die for one so young,
Who a few years just before,
In health and strength left friends and home
To defend fair Canada's shore.
But we'll meet again in Heaven above,
Where partings cause no pains,
Where death it cannot enter,
And peace forever reigns.

They buried him by the light of the moon,
Just where they found him lay,
A shell hole deep will be his tomb,
Until he awakes on judgment day.
Somewhere in France he sleeps to-night,
Far from his native shore,
He gave his life in freedom's fight,
Could anyone do more ?

Though he is gone forever
To a better land above,
Cruel death it came and severed
From the one we dearly loved.
Though our heart is filled with sorrow,
It will fill again with joy,
Because we know he was no slacker,
Our gallant soldier boy.

PRICE TEN CENTS

IN MEMORY

OF



THE LATE

MISS

ELIZABETH

DAUGHTER OF

THE REV. AND

WELL-KNOWN

MINISTER OF THE

CHURCH OF

ST. MARY'S

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